

POLICE CAPTURE MAN CALLED HEAD OF COLT CATCHERS

Think Arrest Will Solve Disappearance of \$500,000 Worth of Horses.

In the arrest of James Wiltie to-day the police believe they have taken into custody the ringleader of the "Colt Catchers," a band of horse thieves, who have stolen and shipped to confederates in other cities \$500,000 worth of horse flesh, added on the streets of Manhattan in the last two years.

Wiltie confessed the theft of five teams of horses in the last two weeks. He was sent to the Tombs by Magistrate Corrigan in default of \$5,000 bail. He is expected to give the police information enough to round up the gang here and in other places.

John J. Dunn, a trucking contractor of No. 618 Water street, complained to Commissioner Waldo's "horse thief squad," a detail recently appointed to corral the cutthroats, that his team and wagon had been stolen from Pier No. 24, North River, while he was at the pier supervising the loading of a team of horses. Dunn said that the horses were stolen from a light street near Canal street, where they found the detached wagon. From here information led them to Pier No. 24, East River.

PRISONER CONFESSES TAKING FIVE TEAMS.

In a statement made to the detectives and Dunn, Wiltie confessed that the five teams he had stolen had been shipped to allies in three different cities. He gave the police addresses upon which further arrests are expected.

At Police Headquarters it was found that Wiltie is registered as a general thief. Last April he was admitted to \$1,000 bail after arraignment for a theft in an uptown department store. He "jumped" his bail.

The Merchants' Association, which has conducted several hunts for the "Colt Catchers," as they are known, was represented by counsel before Magistrate Corrigan. It was stated that the depredations of the gang left no driver's horses safe and that the police have been unable to get the slightest trace of the vandals. It was explained that the system was to drive a team away from a pier a short time before a boat for New England was scheduled to sail. The gang members were able to unhitch the team, drop the harness in a convenient place and get the horses out of the city before the police began to work on the case.

WILL DETERMINE SAFETY OF WOODEN TRAILOR CARS.

Public Service Commission Will Hear Complaints Against Long Island Railroad.

The Public Service Commission to-day served upon the Long Island Railroad Company an order for a hearing on July 23, 1912, to determine whether wooden trailer cars now operated by the road are unsafe and whether the company should be required to retire these cars from operation.

Commissioner George V. S. Williams will conduct the hearing. The matter was brought to the attention of the Commissioner by members of the Atlantic Avenue Business Men's Taxpayers' Association of East New York and others.

It is suggested that the road be made to retire the wooden trailers as fast as possible and substitute steel cars. It was stated this would cost \$1,250,000.

Mory's, of Hallowed Memory to Old Yale Men, Has Passed--a Victim of Freshmen and Beer

Happy Days of Mrs. Moriarty and Eddie Oakley and Tobies of Ale and Silver Tankards of "Velvet" Are but Tradition Now to Grads.

BY LINDSAY DENISON.

Word comes down from New Haven to Yale men and their friends that Mory's closed two days ago. With it comes the sense of depressed, sorrowful relief which follows the news that a beloved invalid, suffering from a hopelessly incurable ailment, has at last been blessed with the eternal sleep. Because since the death of poor Eddie Oakley and the beginning of the era when plain, common lager beer was sold in Mory's in the glasses which the vulgar call "shells," the end of Mory's was in sight.

Louis Linder, a kindly, tactful person of Teutonic descent, not without a little glamour of Yale romance in his soul, such as an outlander of real heart and soul must always catch from keeping company with a romping, over-serious, over-humorous community of college boys, took the place when Eddie Oakley could not keep the business of Mory's in order any longer.

He looked over Eddie Oakley's neglected accounts. He studied the queer, isolated trade of the little white house on the corner of a back street and a back alley. To his practical German soul there seemed to be a very simple solution. It was the pollution of Yale tradition by admitting members of the freshman class to the privilege of sitting at the tables in Mory's and the marketing of mere lager beer in a spot held sacred to ale, stout, wines and strong liquors.

New Haven real estate experts will say to you that there was something they call an "economic reason" for the closing of Mory's. They will tell you that the simple little white, Colonial two-story dwelling, sitting in a corner right back of the most valuable real estate for business purposes in New Haven, surrounded by big brick and stone blocks, cannot possibly return a revenue to the owner of the ground that will approach by one-fifth or less the rental value of the land when it has been improved with a steel and terra cotta and masonry structure. It may be so. It may be so.

TO OLD YALE MEN IT LOOKS LIKE SACRILEGE.

But the graduate of Yale who has been in possession of his diploma for more than ten years cannot be persuaded to any other belief than that Mory's has been destroyed by sacrilege against tradition.

The late William G. Sumner, whose instincts for knowing the heart of the college boy were like the telescope of the surgeon in searching out the variations of the surgical organ, was fond of saying in his rumbling false-savage voice that the college student was "the most sentimental conservative animal in all zoology."

Once let the college youth get the notion that anything had been as it was since the beginning and to the end of that youth's gray bearded old age, he asserted, any proposal to change that order of things would arouse only deep disgust or rebellious rage.

Thus, though the good Linder's change of Mory's customs in putting lager beer on sale was a move in the direction of real temperance and of profitably larger business, it marked a change in Yale custom. And right then and there, according to the belief of Yale men of ten



THE FRIENDSHIP FROM PAINTINGS BY T. WHITE.

or fifteen years ago, the tradition of Mory's was mortally stricken. The admission of Freshmen to the sacred precincts which had ever been free from that form of past was but another sign of the times. To beer, why not Freshmen? Linder doubtless prospered more than his sainted predecessors by catering to this unhalloved traffic and these unhalloved traffickers. But if the salt has lost its savor, what's the use? If the real eaters want the soggy residue, let 'em have it. When traditions have died of dry rot, why not let the tide of mercenary gain wash away the mournful reminders of the glory which once was?

THERE WAS HEALTHY HYPOCRISY IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

There was once a time when not the most impudent son of an upstart millionaire dared own up to the fact that he owned the saddle horse he rode about New Haven's suburbs; he indulged in a pleasing fiction that he hired the beast from the livery stable man who took it to board. A healthy hypocrisy blinked at by all in good natured patriotism on behalf of the Yale spirit.

And now! Brazen underclassmen go careening through the streets in automobiles, while the theologues back of Divinity are old, still play tennis in white duck trousers and derby hats and underlie! The Yale life of old is sprung, somewhere—perhaps the closing of Mory's is but an outward and visible sign.

There is no doubt these disagreeable things will straighten themselves out. College faults correct themselves; the automobile is already becoming a laughable plaything and not an insult to democracy. It may yet come to pass that the owner of the machine and the funny student for the ministry will ride together in the millionaire's car and bat the ball at each other on the gravelled court. Even at Harvard it is no longer a necessary custom for the captain of the football team to call his men together to introduce them before the fleet rally at the second half so that they may become socially acquainted before the supreme effort.

Let these morbid reflections induced by the funeral of Mory's go their way. It is true that the lonely old grad who curls himself up on the corner of a bench on New Haven green, envying the brave young spirit of the fellows who are where he was fifteen or twenty years ago, cannot, down at the bottom, help owing up to himself that the Yale student of today is just as healthy, as body and mind and soul, just as generous and just as quick to laugh or to be angry as the man of '92 or '97. And yet he has lost Mory's!

It is better to look over the kindly, gentle spirit of the place on which the wreckers are about to fasten their steel hooks and to remember how tactful and how helpful and how good and simple they were.

Nobody knows just when the ancestors of the husband of Mrs. Moriarty first

had the sign Temple Bar gilded on the doors of the little house, in Temple street. It may have been way back in the days when "ye ungodly Dutch," according to the ancient records, sailed into the harbor of the good Congregational settlement and polluted its good Congregational morals with their rum.

But then came Mrs. Moriarty and the beginning of the Mory's tradition. She liked Yale students. She did not care for the business of the people of the town. She fed her young patrons eggs on toast, whether scrambled or poached, Welsh rabbits and golden bucks and sardines. She served them ale in little brown Toby pitchers, from which the amber stuff was poured into slender, thin glasses.

Persons of authority in college life—because they were seniors, and notwithstanding the fact that they were but twenty or twenty-two years old—old Mory's. Moriarty that she should exclude freshmen as trivial pests. She did. It was suggested to her that the big round table in the middle of her front room was a fit place for members of the Senior class and for them only. She approved.

All afternoon and all night until midnight Mrs. Moriarty, with a shawl about her shoulders in winter and her ample throat generously bared to the cooling breezes in summer, sat in the corner of the tap room, where she could watch nearly every table in the house, see that service was prompt and the conduct of her guests decorous. She knitted continuously. Did one laugh too loudly or raise his voice too high in the telling of a tale not fit for the proprieties, she rapped on the side of the door with her knitting needles. And there was no more unseemly conduct—until the next time.

THEN EDDIE OAKLEY BECAME HOST OF TEMPLE BAR.

Mrs. Moriarty was gathered to her fathers. Eddie Oakley, the quietest, most tactful and quickest moving of her helpers, became the host of Temple Bar, to which the name "Mory's" clung. Eddie was a human marvel. Did a careless youth's tongue become suddenly unloosed so that he babbled for an hour or more of inconsequential nothing, while his friends jeered and at last left him, Eddie would stand behind his chair with a non-committal smile until the patient became slumbrous and

On the Spot Where Temple Bar Was Famous Rendezvous for Upper Classmen of Old Eli in Years Gone By, an Office Building Will Rise.

was in a condition to be helped toward the front door and a hack.

Did a crowd of seniors at the centre table become stirred too vigorously to song, so that the street outside might be scandalized, Eddie had a way of smiling with sadly deprecating eyebrows uplifted which restored order at once. Now and then on occasions of privileged joking, such as football

financial ability to fill it and also their physical ability to empty it. Each year the holders selected six men in the succeeding class who were to take up the burden. Any cup man might call for the cup and let his guests drink out of it. News that a cup-man was blowing always gathered an audience at Mory's. Strange things come out of champagne and stout and beer worth witnessing than any Poirot vaudeville show.

The day came when Eddie lost his grip. He never sent a bill to a graduate's home—at least not one with a mark on the outside showing whence it came. He always had \$10,000 or more in debts due. But as his business methods slackened, he could not carry his burden of credits. He reduced the limit to \$10. Then he abolished it. Mortgages were foreclosed. The day came when Eddie left Mory's.

Louis Linder, who had pleased Yale men in a sly café near the campus, took hold. He had a wife as friendly and as tactful as he was himself. But instead of only the four dishes allowed on the ancient menu, hung on the wall, he sold steaks and chops; he drank beer, he admitted freshmen. He made a new place of Mory's. It prospered. But it was a mere drinking place now and not the Sacred Temple of Friendship, apart from the fact that freshmen must not enter the place or that only seniors must sit at the front. He let his student patrons enforce them by strength of opinion in his own little community. During the time that Eddie Oakley was the head of Mory's it was not every senior who had the assurance to carve his initials in the surface of the centre table. Men did not go to Mory's and buy a single Toby of ale for the purpose of cutting their monograms. Such degradations came later—with beer.

THERE WAS \$20 CREDIT AND THEN CASH.

Every member of the senior, junior and sophomore classes of Yale University for many years had twenty dollars credit. His name in the college catalogue was his only necessary reference. When his bill exceeded twenty dollars he paid cash. He always knew when this point was reached because the moment the amount of the bill crossed \$20—the total of all checks was indorsed on the latest check to be placed in its alphabetically arranged pigeon-hole—one of Eddie's deprecating, sorrowful waiters would place the excessive check before one and vanish. The waiters at Mory's never wore uniforms or aprons. They dressed like the servants of a broken-down aristocrat in an eighteenth century English novel. They would take a tip if one showed it at them, but were shamefacedly embarrassed.

Eddie was always law-abiding. He had most delicate manners in urging his guests away when the law required him to close the place. He would go into an adjoining room to click out the electric lights. He would step softly from window to window, sending up the shades. He would cough gently. He would wash out and set the tobies and tankards on the taproom bar with moderately increasing vehemence. And at last he would say, with a tenderness of regret which no one could resist: "It is twelve o'clock, gentlemen." And everybody pushed back his chair and went home.

SILVER CUP DEDICATED SOLELY TO "VELVET."

The kings of the centre table were the Cup Men. Once on a time seven seniors bought a silver cup. It was dedicated to be silled with "velvet" and nothing else. "Velvet" is made half of champagne and half of brown stout. The cup-men were selected for their

OAKLEY'S RECIPE FOR MORY'S WELSH RABBIT.

Take as much cheese as you want for your rabbit and either grate it, slice it or break it, whichever is easiest; but don't let any grocer tell you that a sharp cheese is best for a rabbit. Maybe somebody told him that, but he doesn't know. I like fresh cheese. Put it in a saucepan or anything else that's clean and pour in about two tablespoons of beer to keep it from burning on the bottom. Let it melt very slowly and put in a few drops more beer, but about half as much as you think is necessary until it is like cream. Meanwhile make toast a quarter of an inch thick, with the crust pared off. Drop a piece of toast on a hot plate, pour enough rabbit over it to cover it; put another on top, just like a sandwich, and be sure to have a waiter who can run all the way from the kitchen to the table. Mustard? Pepper? Salt? Why no, sir. At least my customers never complain about not having them.

Paprika? Cayenne? Worcester-shire sauce? This is Connecticut; this is not Borneo, sir.

Five minutes later it was evident she had received serious injuries, for she began to dip at the bow. The crew immediately went over the side in a small boat. Ten minutes later there was nothing showing above the water but the schooner's poop deck.

An ocean-going tug, bound out, witnessed the schooner's mishap and turned toward her. She had no difficulty in picking up the crew. After making her rescue the tug continued on her way without making a report.

The stock market to-day was again unsettled. Liquidation continued in a number of securities. The result was that the list pursued an irregular downward course at the outset. The selling pressure was heaviest against St. Paul, Union and Northern Pacific and Steel. A great deal of interest was attached to St. Paul, which broke through par for the first time. Much of St. Paul's weakness was reflected in Northern Pacific, which sold off briskly on poor crop receipts.

WALL STREET.

Trading improved perceptibly in the final hour. The initial prescience was withdrawn and the list recorded advances that finally gave the market a somewhat higher appearance at closing time.

THE CLOSING PRICES.

To-day's highest, lowest and last prices of stocks and of per cent change as compared with yesterday's final figures are as follows:

Stock	High	Low	Last	Chgs.
Am. Copper	104 1/2	104 1/4	104 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Oil	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Sugar	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Tobacco	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Tea	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Cotton	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Lumber	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Paper	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Glass	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Rubber	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Leather	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Hides	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Wool	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Silk	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Gold	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Silver	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Platinum	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Palladium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Iridium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Rhodium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Osmium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Selenium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Tellurium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Vanadium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Zirconium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Niobium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Manganese	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Chromium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Cobalt	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Nickel	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Zinc	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Cadmium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Barium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Strontium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Calcium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Magnesium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Potassium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Sodium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Lithium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Beryllium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Boron	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Carbon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Nitrogen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Oxygen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Hydrogen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Helium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Neon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Argon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Krypton	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Xenon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Radium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Actinium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Thorium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Uranium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Protactinium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Polonium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Astatine	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Francium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Rutherfordium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Dubnium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Seaborgium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Livermorium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Tennessium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4
Am. Oganesson	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/2	+ 1/4

HERE'S CHANCE FOR A COOK.

Hotel Man Will Give Her Private Bath and Auto Ride.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., July 12.—George T. Teltow, a wealthy hotel proprietor, wants a first class cook for his summer home in the mountains back of this place, but he finds they come high. In fact, he has had so much trouble he makes the following special inducements in an advertisement printed in a local newspaper:

"Wanted—Woman cook for mountain home. Good wages; room with private bath; private dining room. No laundry work nor milking to do; use of back porch and half acre of lawn. Lots of flowers to look at; off one afternoon each week. Seventeen mile auto ride once a week. At last accounts he hadn't found her at that.

VESSEL WRECKED ON ROMER SHOALS; CREW IS RESCUED

Schooner, All Sails Set, Lost—Sailors Picked Up by Out-bound Tug.

A large three-masted schooner ran aground off Romer Shoals during the heavy fog early to-day and sank almost immediately. The six members of her crew were rescued from a small boat by a passing outgoing tug. The schooner's name is unknown.

The schooner, a vessel of 400 tons, was tacking in against the wind. She was carrying full canvas and was making good time when her keel touched bottom. The outline of the sailing ship was barely discernible from Sandy Hook, as the fog was just beginning to lift. The schooner's captain made a frantic effort to put about and slip off the shoals, but his craft had grounded solidly.

Five minutes later it was evident she had received serious injuries, for she began to dip at the bow. The crew immediately went over the side in a small boat. Ten minutes later there was nothing showing above the water but the schooner's poop deck.

An ocean-going tug, bound out, witnessed the schooner's mishap and turned toward her. She had no difficulty in picking up the crew. After making her rescue the tug continued on her way without making a report.

TO MIX A "JUDGE HANFORD" USE ONION, SAYS WITNESS.

Bartenders Knew the Recipe, He Asserts in Inquiry Into the Federal Judge's Habits.

SEATTLE, July 12.—More witnesses testified yesterday before the House Judiciary Sub-Committee, which is investigating the record of Federal District Judge Cornelius H. Hanford.

One said he had won a wager that in any one of nine saloons the bartenders, if asked for a "Judge Hanford" would substitute an onion for the customary olive.

After a witness had testified that Judge Hanford was an "Intense patriot," the committee placed in the record a copy of a letter written by Judge Hanford on Oct. 20, 1894, to an attorney of Mt. Vernon, Wash., who had recommended that the judge appoint a certain man to office. The letter says in part:

"I will not regard Mr. Wessler (the candidate recommended) as a suitable person unless I am assured that he is not a supporter of the Chicago platform or of any candidate for office who subscribed to its declarations."

DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful of Radway's Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the diarrhoea continues, and a small saturated with Radway's Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is sold by all druggists.

No Other Sunday Newspaper To-Morrow Will Have These SUNDAY WORLD Features

WE GIRLS WHO FLY
And What We're Afraid of
Written by **HARRIET QUIMBY**
Two days before she was killed in an aeroplane fall
Two Other Interesting Aeroplane Stories

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN'S
Marvellous Mystery Story
"The Little Steel Coils"
A tale that will hold every reader spellbound till its finish.

"ALONE IN A BIG HOTEL"
The Second in the Real Experience Series of
Girl Drummer Stories
By **FRANCES McDONALD**
Amazing in incident, rich in color, gripping in human interest.

FUN
The Only Joke Book Issued by Any Newspaper
Sixteen Pages of Jokes, Funny Pictures and Puzzles
Lots of Laughs

OTHER NOVELTIES
James Montgomery Flagg's Kitty Cobb Picture
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And Don't Miss Seeing "The Ocean-Going Tea-Tray"

Say to Your Paper Man To-Day: "Save Me To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD"